LOCKED CASE
PS
632
.P691x
no.15

BAKER'S EDITION OF PLAYS ★

MR. BOB

by

Rachel E. Baker

◆

Price, 35 Cents

WALTER H. BAKER CO.

WARNING

Important

This book is offered for sale at the price quoted only on the understanding that, if any additional copies of the whole or any part are necessary for its production, such additional copies will be purchased. The attention of all purchasers is directed to the following:

This work is fully protected under the laws of the United States of America, the British Empire, including the Dominion of Canada, and in all other countries included in the Copyright Union.

Violations of the Copyright Law are punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both.

The copying, or duplication of this work or any part of this work, by hand or by any process, is an infringement of the copyright and will be vigorously prosecuted.

LOCKED CASE
PS
632
.P691x
no.15

MR. BOB

A Comedy in Two Acts

By

RACHEL E. BAKER

Author of "THE CHAPERON", A KINGS DAUGHTER", "AFTER TAPS", HER PICTURE", etc.

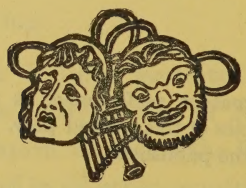
The right of free amateur performance is given only with the purchase of seven copies of this printed play. All other rights are strictly withheld by the publishers.

BOSTON

WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY

CHARACTERS

PHILIP ROYSON.
ROBERT BROWN, clerk of Benson and Benson.
JENKINS, Miss Rebecca's butler.
REBECCA LUKE, a maiden lady.
KATHERINE ROGERS, her niece.
MARION BRYANT, Katherine's friend.
PATTY, Miss Rebecca's maid.



COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY RACHEL E. BAKER
COPYRIGHT, 1924, BY RACHEL E. BAKER
IN RENEWAL

All rights reserved.

Made in U. S. A.

MR. BOB.

ACT I.

SCENE. — *Breakfast-room at Tresham; time, morning. Entrance* C., *opening upon piazza; doors* R. *and* L. *in flat; open fireplace,* R. *in flat, with mantel above it; couch with cushion* L.; *table down* R. C., *laid for breakfast.* JENKINS *arranging dishes upon table.*

MISS BECKY (*enters after curtain rises; looks off* C. *to* R.). There! It is under the hydrangea. Go at once, Jenkins, and bring in the half-starved little creature.

JENKINS (*very dignified; continuing his work at table*). Excuse me, ma'am; but it's beneath the dignity of a butler to be running after cats. If it was a dog or a 'orse, ma'am; but a cat I objects to.

MISS B. (*still looking off* C.). Nonsense, Jenkins! You have been too long in my service to make objections now.

JENK. (*going towards* C. *back*). But, I says, ma'am, if it was only a dog or a 'orse —

MISS B. (*coming down* C. *front*). It is neither a dog nor a horse, so make haste, and have no more words about it.

JENK. (*following* MISS BECKY *down*). But, I says, ma'am —

MISS B. That will do, Jenkins.

JENK. (*walks with dignity to door,* C.; *about to exit, turns back*). If it was only a dog or a 'orse —

MISS B. (L. C.; *sternly*). Jenkins! (JENKINS *exit.*) My servants have lived with me so long they have become quite independent. (*Crosses to table.*) The idea of Jenkins objecting to anything! (*Seated at table; takes up newspaper.*) I am so delighted with my new scheme of a winter home for the cats. The upper rooms are to be made into one, covered by a glass roof. I am expecting the architect this morning. His visit must be unknown to Katherine and Philip. They object to this humane idea of mine. (*Reads paper.*)

(*Enter* PATTY, C.L., *dancing; holds in one hand her skirts and a tray upon which are letters, in the other a book, which she is reading. Does not see or hear* MISS BECKY; *comes down* C.)

MISS B. (*sees* PATTY). Well, I never! What next? Patty! (PATTY *still dances.*) Patty! (*Same business;* MISS BECKY *rises, takes* PATTY *by the arm and shakes her.*) Patty!

PATTY (*drops tray and endeavors to hide book behind her*). Lor! Miss Becky! I beg your pardon. (*Picks up tray and letters; gives them to* MISS BECKY. MISS BECKY, R. C.; PATTY, L. C.)

MISS B. (*taking letters*). What book are you reading?

PAT. (*embarrassed*). It's only a play-book, ma'am.

MISS B. Give it to me. (PATTY *gives it to her reluctantly;* MISS BECKY *reads title.*) "Juliet Capuletta, the Ballet-Dancer." (*Tears book; looks at* PATTY *sternly.*) The waste-basket is the proper place for such literature. (*Throws paper in basket by fireplace.*) No more of this nonsense. You have something else to do in the morning. This is the result of allowing you to go to the theatre. It has completely turned your head.

PAT. I can't help it, ma'am; I just loves it. I yearns to be a dancer; to wear crinkled skirts and stand on my toes. (*Attempts to stand upon toes.*)

MISS B. (*sternly*). Patty! Stop such nonsense at once. (*Points to scrap-basket.*) Put that basket in its proper place, and tell Mary to serve breakfast at once.

PAT. I flies to do your bidding. (*Dances across stage.*)

MISS B. Patty! (PATTY *walks demurely.*) If Mr. Brown calls this morning, his visit must be known only to me. Communicate with me at once; and be sure that you do not speak of it to Miss Katherine or Mr. Philip. (PATTY, R. *front.*)

PAT. Yes, Miss Becky. (*Aside; stands by basket; speaks dramatically.*) I must stoop to common things and pick up baskets. (*Dances with basket to door* C. *against* KATHERINE, *who enters, reading a letter;* MISS BECKY *seated again at table at* C., *facing audience.*)

KATHERINE. What are you trying to do? Demolish me?

PAT. (*bows profoundly*). Lor! Miss Katherine. I begs your pardon. I didn't see nothing.

KATH. (*laughing*). "Nothing"—that is flattering. The next time look out for *something*, and perhaps you will see it. (PATTY *exit.*) Auntie, your once demure little Patty will blossom into a full-fledged actress before we know it.

MISS B. Not if I can help it.

KATH. (*embraces* MISS BECKY). I have such good news. Bob comes to-day.

MISS B. Dear me, child! I can't breathe. Your friend is coming? I am very glad. But the idea of calling a young lady Bob. It is not very dignified.

KATH. It suits her perfectly. Marion is too sedate. (*Sits at* L. *of table;* MISS BECKY *sits, facing audience.*)

(*Enter* JENKINS *with covered basket, which he holds at arm's length; wipes his forehead.*)

JENK. (L. *front*). For a cat as must be hungry, he ain't very thankful. He and me ran a race, ma'am; and I must say as 'ow it was 'ot.

MISS B. Give the creature something to eat, and serve breakfast at once.

JENK. I objects, ma'am. As I says, if it was a dog or a 'orse—

MISS B. (*rises*). That will do. And, Jenkins (JENKINS *comes down stage with* MISS BECKY), if Mr. Brown should call let me know immediately. Do not speak of his visit to any one else. Do you understand?

JENK. I do, Miss Becky. (*Exit with basket at back.*)

KATH. (*at table*). I do believe, Aunt Becky, that you would turn this house into an asylum for cats were it not for Philip.

MISS B. I certainly should. Just as much sense for me to be interested in a worthy charity, as for Philip to risk his life in a boat which half the time has its keel out of water.

KATH. That is where the fun comes in. All the more exciting when there is danger.

MISS B. Philip would be wiser to devote his spare time to the study of medicine.

KATH. A man must have some fun. And that reminds me. Philip has never seen Bob. (*Rises.*) Calls her "Mr. Bob," and thinks that she is a man. I won't undeceive him, and we'll have some fun.

MISS B. Have a care, Katherine. No good ever comes of deception. (PHILIP *heard whistling;* MISS BECKY *resumes seat at* C., *by table.*)

KATH. (*runs to door*, C.). Mum's the word, auntie. Here comes Philip now.

(*Enter* PHILIP. *He wears white duck trousers, blue coat, and yachting-cap; flowers in hand.*)

PHILIP. Good-morning, Aunt Becky. (*Places rose at her plate.*) A bit of the morning's freshness, with my compliments. (*Turns to* KATHERINE.) The same to you, my fair cousin. (*Presents rose with mock courtesy.*) Thus do we bow in homage to your superior beauty.

KATH. (*takes rose*). The morning's freshness does not seem to have confined itself to the *roses*. In return for such gallantry here are your letters.

PHIL. (*takes letters*). Thanks. (*Seated opposite* KATHERINE *at table.* JENKINS *enters with coffee on tray.* MISS BECKY *pours;* JENKINS *serves, then exit.*)

PHIL. (*reading from letter*). Here is something from your lawyers, Benson & Benson.

MISS B. Have they found the will?

PHIL. The missing codicil is not amongst the papers. Unless we can present it, a large portion of your mother's money will be used to found some charitable institution.

MISS B. What injustice! I would use it to establish a home for destitute cats.

PHIL. (*laughs*). When I commence practice and a season o'

long and weary waiting, I shall need all your spare change. Don't give it to cats.

MISS B. Just as much sense as for you to spend your time and money on a boat.

PHIL. Suppose we strike a bargain. You give up the cats and I will give up the boats. (*Offers hand.*) Shake upon it.

MISS B. We will think about it first.

(PATTY *runs on* L., *laughing; comes down* C., *front.*)

PAT. There is trouble in the kitchen, Miss Becky. Thunder, the black cat, fell into the barrel of flour, and he's so surprised to find himself white, he's a-taking on terribly. (PHILIP *and* KATHERINE *laugh.*)

MISS B. (*rises*). If this work keeps on much longer, this will be an asylum for lunatics. (PATTY *is laughing; tries to resume dignity when* MISS BECKY *looks at her; exeunt* MISS BECKY *and* PATTY.)

PHIL. This fad of Aunt Becky's is perfect nonsense. I must find some way to stop it.

KATH. (*stands behind* PHILIP; *holds a letter in front of him*). Put on your glasses and your thinking-cap. Who wrote this letter?

PHIL. Haven't an idea. One of your many admirers, I suppose.

KATH. Oh, come, do guess!

PHIL. Jack Reynolds?

KATH. No; guess again.

PHIL. Mr. Bob?

KATH. Yes. And just think of it, Philip, Bob really comes today.

PHIL. (*starts to rise;* KATHERINE *detains him*). Oh, he does. Then I shall depart.

KATH. Certainly not. I wish you to meet my friend.

PHIL. Oh, I know enough men already.

KATH. But not many like Bob.

PHIL. What sort of a chap is this manly ideal? (*Lights cigarette.*)

KATH. Just fine.

PHIL. Any sand?

KATH. No end.

PHIL. Can he sail a boat?

KATH. Like an ancient mariner.

PHIL. Fond of smoking?

KATH. Enjoys the odor of a good cigar immensely. (*Opens door* L.) This is to be Bob's room. Do help make it cosey. Bring down some of your treasures — that's a dear!

PHIL. (*rises*). All right. I suppose I must play the agreeable. What time does Mr. Bob arrive?

KATH. Some time this morning. I must leave you, as I have letters to write. Don't forget your promise. (*Exit.*)

PHIL. Ha! Pleasant business this, entertaining one of Kitty's

admirers. He'll want cigars, of course. Gad! He shall have the best the house affords. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter* JENKINS R., *with empty tray; removes dishes from table.*)

JENK. There are some things beneath the dignity of a Jenkins. There ain't no objections to a-feeding of a dog or a driving of a 'orse, but when it comes to cats, the spirit, — and if I do say it, it's true, — the noble spirit of a Jenkins objects. (*Changes cloth for dark cover.*)

(*Enter* PATTY R.; *dances down stage to* JENKINS; *takes him by ear and leads him down front.*)

PAT. Menial, I would a word with thee. (JENKINS R. C.; PATTY L. C.)

JENK. Patty, there is an abruptness about your behavior which is very jarring to my nerves. I objects to such treatment.

PAT. Oh, nonsense! You are always objecting. You've no soul for dramatic art.

JENK. (*with sentiment*). No, Patty. (*Places hand upon heart.*) But I've an 'eart that beats for you. My eyelids flutter when my eyes catches sight of you. (*Goes toward* PATTY *with arms outstretched*; PATTY *avoids them by going under.*)

PAT. Well, how about your head? Do you think that could catch anything? — an idea?

JENK. (*with dignity*). Some day you will be sorry you scorned the noble love of a Jenkins. (*Resumes work at table.*)

PAT. Who said anything about scorning your noble love. I didn't. (*Holds up paper.*) Do you see that?

JENK. (*with injured dignity*). Yes.

PAT. That is a paper what says that we and the cats is done. We agrees to give warning, if another one walks into this house. Now, that cat this morning —

JENK. Excuse me, it did not walk into the 'ouse; I brought it in. Who's "we," Patty?

PAT. (*counts upon fingers*). There's me and the cook; then there's cook and James: that's four, and you is the last. We wants you to sign this paper.

JENK. No, Patty; I objects. There's no haffinity between me and the cats, but I have lived too long with Miss Becky to 'urt her tender feelings.

PAT. Very well, Mr. Jenkins, of noble and dignified blood; very well, I say. You can choose between me and Miss Becky.

JENK. Patty, you know my 'eart beats beneath this breast. (*Takes tray and walks to door*, R.; *turns and speaks at entrance.*) I never thought as 'ow you would let cats come between us. (*Exit.*)

PAT. I'll give him one more day to sign that paper. If I don't make him sorry, my name ain't Patty. (*Dances about stage; dances while* PHILIP *makes his entrance.*)

(*Enter* PHILIP, C.; *has two or three tennis-caps on head, boxing gloves and tennis-rackets over shoulder, holds a tray upon which are pipes and cigars.*)

PHIL. Come here, you will-o'-the-wisp, and help me. (PATTY *takes tray from him.*) Open that door and let me throw this hospitality in. (PATTY *opens door* L.; PHILIP *throws in tennis-rackets and boxing-gloves.*) It won't do to throw in the pipes, I suppose. (*Exit with tray.*)

PAT. What's the matter with Mr. Philip? (*Laughs.*) Perhaps the cats have moved into his room. He'll be wanting to sign our paper next. (*Exit* R., *dancing and laughing.*)

(*Enter* KATHERINE, C.)

KATH. I wonder how Philip is getting on? (*Looks in door* L.; *laughs.*) What a picture! A perfect bower of pipes and tennis-rackets. It only needs the stale odor of cigar smoke to make it a genuine college room. (*Calls.*) Busy, Philip?

(*Enter* PHILIP, *wiping face with handkerchief.*)

PHIL. Do I look as though I had been idle?

KATH. You look decidedly warm. You are just a dear to make the room so cosey!

PHIL. Glad you like it. (*Looks at watch.*) Mr. Bob ought to be here soon. How shall I meet him, anyway?

KATH. Heartily, of course.

PHIL. Shall I knock upon his door as we do at college, and say, "Hallo, old man! how are you?"

KATH. Capital! Couldn't be better.

PHIL. Well, I'm off to my den. I can't neglect medicine, even for dear Mr. Bob. You will see me soon enough. (*Exit* C.)

KATH. (*comes to* C., *laughing*). What fun! Dear old fellow! If I did not know that he has more than a generous share of good-nature, I should never dare attempt it.

(*Enter* MISS BECKY *with workbasket; sits by table.*)

MISS B. There, I do believe we shall have peace for a few hours at least! The mighty dollar has appeased Mary's wrath, and everything will be serene until the next cat arrives.

KATH. Rather expensive hospitality, Aunt Becky. (*At door,* C.) It is just a perfect day. The sun is sparkling upon the river, and the yachts sway to and fro at their moorings, as though impatient for the race. Philip's boat is sure to win.

MISS B. I have a feeling that Philip will be drowned in that boat some day.

KATH. Nonsense! I never dream of such a thing. And you know Philip can swim like a fish. A carriage is coming. I do believe it is Bob. Yes: there is old Skipper Rawson bowing to her.

Just think of it, Aunt Becky, it is a whole year since we have seen one another!

MISS B. Well, I am glad for your sake. Don't cut up too many pranks. A houseful of mischief-making girls and deserted cats would be too much chaos for an old lady.

KATH. Here she is.

(*Enter* MARION. *Comes down* C., *followed by* JENKINS, *who carries bag and wraps; the girls meet and embrace.*)

KATH. Bob!

MARION. Kitty! (JENKINS *at* L. C. *back.*)

MISS B. (*at* L. C., *embracing* MARION, C.). You are very welcome, my dear.

MAR. Thank you, Miss Becky. It is delightful to see you again.

KATH. Jenkins, take Miss Bryant's wraps into her room.

JENK. (*crosses to door*, L.; *looks in*). You mean this room, Miss Katherine? (JENKINS *at* L.; KATHERINE, L. C.; MARION, C.; AUNT BECKY, R. C.)

KATH. (*talking with* MARION). Certainly. (JENKINS *exit*, L., *shaking head.*) You must be very tired.

MAR. Just dead.

MISS B. And hungry, of course?

MAR. (*laughing*). As a bear. (JENKINS *enters from* L.).

MISS B. Jenkins, bring Miss Bryant a luncheon as soon as possible.

JENK. Yes, Miss Becky. (*Exit at* R.)

MISS B. I think I will attend to it myself; and that reminds me, Katherine, I have an errand which I had forgotten. I will return presently.

KATH. Very well, auntie; I will take care of Bob. (MISS BECKY *exit; girls seated upon couch.*) You are just a treasure to come in time for the race! We will have no end of jolly larks.

MAR. That will suit me perfectly. I haven't had one since our college days, and I am just pining for some fun.

KATH. (*mysteriously*). Then you need pine no more. The supreme moment is at hand.

MAR. How mysterious you are! What is it?

KATH. You know my Cousin Philip?

MAR. Never met him. Just dying for the pleasure.

KATH. Then you will be saved from an early death. He is in this very house.

MAR. I know that I must look like a perfect fright. Let me escape. (*Makes for door*, C.)

KATH. (*follows and brings her back*). Nonsense, my dear! He is safe in his den at present, studying. He thinks that my friend Bob is a man. Calls you my "manly ideal," and has nicknamed you "Mr. Bob."

MAR. Then he thinks that I am a man ?

KATH. (*girls laugh heartily through the dialogue.* MARION, R. C.; KATHERINE, L. C.). Yes.

MAR. What sport! How have you arranged it?

KATH. (*leads her to door*, L.). "Dost like the picture ?"

MAR. (*at* L. C.; KATHERINE *at* R. C.). What an array of pipes and tennis-rackets! I don't understand.

KATH. I asked him to make your room cosey with some of his treasures, and that is the result.

MAR. What a schemer you are, Kitty!

KATH. He is to treat you in an off-hand manner; knock upon your door as they do at college, and say (*imitates man's voice*) "Hallo, old man! how are you ?"

MAR. I shall be speechless with laughter. (*Noise.*)

KATH. (*at door*, C.). He is coming now.

MAR. Then I will fly, and be ready for the fray. (*Exit, laughing.*)

KATH. The plot thickens. My little boat is surely launched. I hope it won't be capsized. (*At* L. C.)

(*Enter* PHILIP, C.).

PHILIP. Hallo! You here ?

KATH. Yes; Bob has arrived.

PHIL. Oh, he has! That accounts for your radiant face. I say, Kitty, make a bold confession; do you love this Mr. Bob ?

KATH. Dearly.

PHIL. Well, I hope he is worthy of you. I shall view him with a critic's eye. He had better be upon his good behavior. That reminds me. I had a letter from my old college chum, Ned Saunders. He may appear at any time; and if I should be out when he arrives, just make him at home. A fine fellow; I know you will like him.

KATH. You may be sure, Philip, your friends will always be welcome.

PHIL. (R. C.; KATHERINE, L. C.). Thanks. I will treat Mr. Bob well; don't you worry. (*Laughing.*) And if you should be in need of a topic of conversation, just ask Saunders to tell you about a little flirtation of mine while at college.

KATH. I shall find out all your secrets. I must make one final search for the missing papers, and will leave Bob in your care. (*Exit* R.)

PHIL. (*at* R.; *gradually crosses to* L.). I don't much care for this sort of business. Playing the agreeable to a strange man. I suppose he is six feet two, has the strength of a giant, and the voice of an orator. Must be, for such a fine girl as Kitty to be in love with him. (*Goes to door, turns, and comes down stage again.*) Haven't as much sand as I had once. It's Kitty's friend, and she loves him. (*Crosses to door*, L.) Perhaps I had better knock

It wouldn't be quite so abrupt. No; he is such a hearty fellow himself, I will be cordial. (*Pounds upon door; speaks.*) "Hallo, old man! how are you?" (*No response.*) I wonder if he is deaf? Perhaps he is taking a nap. (*Delighted.*) By Jove! happy thought! It would be a pity to disturb him. I will tell that to Kitty. (*Thinks a moment.*) Now, I am not sure he is asleep. Kitty will say I wanted to crawl. I hope Mr. Bob won't find those cigars too strong for him. It was rather expensive hospitality I showered upon him; but it was all for love of Kitty. (*Repeats business of knocking at door.*)

MAR. Did any one speak?

PHIL. (*staggers back*). For heaven's sake! What a voice for a man! He's effeminate, I know. And Kitty calls him Bob! Flossie would be a better name for him. (*Starts for door.*) No; I can't meet the owner of that voice, and treat him well. I will make some excuse to Kitty, and be formally introduced. He must have weak lungs. That bottle of emulsion in my room will suit his case exactly. Gad, he shall have it! (*Rushes out of door*, C.)

(*Enter* PATTY, L., *with valise.*)

PAT. Won't this bag be just beautiful for my wardrobes when I goes on the stage? (*Sighs.*) But, dear me, that is such a long way off! I wonder what I can do with it while I am waiting.

(MARION *opens door cautiously; looks out.*)

MAR. No one here.

PAT. (*aside*). Well, I likes that, and me as hopes to be in the ballet some day. (*To* MARION.) I hopes I'm somebody, ma'am.

MAR. (*enters laughing*). Oh, I meant a young man.

PAT. Do you mean Mr. Philip? I met him on the stairs. He was running like mad. Somebody must have given him an awful fright.

MAR. (C.). I think very likely. Where is Miss Katherine?

PAT. (L.). In the turret room. And she said for me to tell you to come up there. She's busy a-hunting for papers.

MAR. All right. I know where to find her. (*Aside.*) It must have been my voice which frightened the young man. He will think that "Mr. Bob" is a weak specimen of humanity. (*Exit* C., *laughing.*)

PAT. Ain't she just a beauty! My eyes! Wouldn't she make a good dancer. (*Looks at bag.*) I might give this bag to Jenkins, but then he is so mean about signing that paper, he don't deserve a thing. I'd like to play some joke on him. (*Sits upon couch.*) Let me see. I know, I'll put two of the blackest cats into this, and make him a present of them. (*Takes penknife from table and cuts holes in bag.*) That will keep the beauties from smothering. Won't Jenkins be crazy. He'll wish he had signed that paper. When

gets into the ballet, I won't be carrying bags like this. No, indeed! (*Walks to back of stage; stands at side of door* C.; *assumes commanding air and holds out bag.* MR. BROWN, *a very modest and retiring young man, with weak voice, appears at door* C.) I shall say, "Jenkins, take my bag." (BROWN *is very much astonished.*) Do you hear? Take my bag.

BROWN (R. C.; *takes bag*). Certainly. I came down — (PATTY *screams, and* BROWN *drops bag.*)

PAT. (L. C.; *discovers* BROWN; *makes low courtesy*). I begs your pardon, sir, I was only acting. (*Picks up bag.*)

BR. Is Miss Luke at home?

PAT. (*aside*). My eyes! Ain't he a stunner. He must be a duke. (*Bows profoundly.*) Enter, my lord; she is.

BR. (*enters*). Will you kindly tell her that Mr. Brown would like to see her?

PAT. (*drops bag, rushes to* BROWN, *and catches him by arm*). Sh! sh!

BR. What is the matter?

PAT. (*with finger on lip, tip-toes to the different doors, listens, then returns to* BROWN). You must not breathe your name here.

BR. (*nervously*). Why not? Anything wrong about my name?

PAT. Oh, no, sir. Only Miss Becky said as how when you came we was to keep it dark.

BR. Well, I must say that if she instructed you to keep *me* in the dark as well, you have succeeded beautifully.

PAT. I won't be a minute, sir, and if any one happens in while I am gone, you just keep mum about your name. (*Exit* C., *with finger on lips; takes bag.*)

BR. (*looking after her*). What a strange-acting creature. (*Nervously.*) I hope she isn't crazy. Now, why shouldn't I breathe the name of Brown, if I wish to. Nothing out about Brown. Deuced queer! (*Looks about room and out of door* C.) There, she has gone without my card. (*Reads from card.*) "Mr. Robert Brown, with Benson & Benson, Solicitors." That sounds all right. Perfectly legitimate business. (*Takes paper from pocket.*) The missing codicil. (*Replaces paper in pocket.*) Nothing to keep dark about. This is such a quiet, lovely spot, away from the seething whirl of the city. I should like to rest my weary head here for a few days.

(*Enter* JENKINS, L.)

BR. (L. C.; *aside*). Perhaps I can succeed better with this servant. You see, I came down to see Miss Luke. Will you please give her this card? I am Mr. Brown.

JENK. Sh! Sh! Don't breathe the name of Brown here.

BR. (*aside*). Here is another lunatic. (*Takes* JENKINS *by arm and brings him down front.*) Sh! Why not?

JENK. (*repeats* PATTY'S *business of listening at doors.* BROWN *follows* JENKINS *about;* JENKINS *grasps* BROWN'S *arm and brings*

him down front; BROWN *drops umbrella;* JENKINS *picks it up*). You are expected, sir; but we must keep it dark.

BR. More darkness. I shall be a total eclipse.

JENK. Miss Luke has stepped out, sir, but will be back directly If any one comes in, will you please say as 'ow your name ain't Brown?

BR. No, sir. I object. If you are ashamed of the name of Brown, I am not.

JENK. Oh, it isn't that, sir. Miss Luke has arranged it all.

BR. Oh, she has. Please give her my compliments and tell her I am much obliged.

JENK. Please make yourself at 'ome, sir. (*Places finger on lips.*) Sh! (*Exit* C.)

BR. This is the most peculiar spot I have ever visited. There seems to be such an aversion to the name of Brown. I wonder why. (*Crosses to mantel; looks at several photographs.*)

(*Enter* PHILIP, C., *with bottle of medicine.*)

PHIL. (*sees* BROWN). That must be Mr. Bob now. I'll do him up in fine style. (*Crosses to* BROWN; *slaps him upon shoulder.*) How are you, old man?

BR. (*astonished, drops photographs*). Oh, how d'ye do. (*Business of* BROWN *and* PHILIP *picking up pictures.*)

PHIL. I beg your pardon. I did not mean to be so abrupt. (*Grasps his hand; shakes it violently.*) So glad to see you.

BR. Thank you. I came down —

PHIL. Oh, yes! I know all about it. Came down to see Kitty. (*Slaps him upon back.*) Ha, ha! I know all about your flirtation, Mr. Bob.

BR. (*astonished*). "Mr. Bob!"

PHIL. Yes, yes; sit down and tell me all about it. (*Pushes* BROWN *into chair.*)

BR. (*rises; puts hand in pocket*). Yes; but, you see, I came down —

PHIL. (*pushes him down again*). Yes, yes; I understand.

BR. (*aside*). It's deuced queer. I don't.

PHIL. Kitty has told me all about you. You are a lucky man. She is very fond of you.

BR. (*rises*). Fond of me?

PHIL. Yes; and you are in love with her, I fancy.

BR. (*astonished*). Oh, yes — yes —

PHIL. Heavens, man! You are, of course? (*Aside.*) I wonder if I have put my foot in it?

BR. You see, I came down —

(*Enter* JENKINS *with tray.*)

PHIL. What are you doing with that, Jenkins?

JENK. I am taking it to that room, sir. (*Crosses to door,* L.)

PHIL. It is not necessary. The young man is here.

JENK. This is for Miss Katherine's guest.

PHIL. Don't you suppose I know it? You may serve it here. (JENKINS *places tray upon table.*)

JENK. But, Miss Katherine —

PHIL. That will do, Jenkins. I understand what I am doing perfectly.

JENK. Yes, sir. (*Catches* BROWN'S *eye; places finger upon lips; exit* L., *laughing.*)

PHIL. Here is your luncheon. Sit down and enjoy it. By the way, I am something of a physician, and feel very much interested in the condition of your health. (*Listens to* BROWN'S *breathing with a stethoscope.*)

BR. Only fancy! He thinks I'm a phonographer.

PHIL. (*taps back of lung;* BROWN *very much astonished*). Slight congestion. I have an excellent remedy for just your symtoms. (*Takes spoon from tray; pours medicine into it.*) Excuse my familiarity, but it is all for Kitty's sake, my dear boy. (*Aside.*) He is the weakest specimen of a manly ideal that I have met yet.

BR. But, my dear sir, I don't understand. You see, I came down —

PHIL. Of course, — to see Kitty. Now take this to please Kitty

BR (*aside*). Who the devil is Kitty? (*Aloud.*) Must I take it all at once?

PHIL. Yes. Think of the pleasure of being with Kitty, and you won't mind it a bit.

BR. (*aside*). This man must be crazy. Suppose I had better humor him.

PHIL. Now, then, down with it — one, two, three.

BR. (*takes medicine; makes wry face*). This isn't such a quiet place after all.

PHIL. Now, you can enjoy your luncheon. (BROWN *eats.*) You have arrived just in time; the yacht race comes off this afternoon. Kitty tells me that you know all about a boat. I shall be delighted to avail myself of your assistance.

BR. (*stops eating*). Yacht race!

PHIL. Yes; a fresh wind is blowing. It will be fine. (*Goes to door,* C.)

BR. (*rises; aside*). I can't stay in a boat; it makes me frightfully ill. It annoys me to ride in the swan boats in the park. I must get out of this. (*Aloud; speaks emphatically.*) My dear sir, you see I came down —

(JENKINS *enters, takes tray from table; exit, eying* BROWN.)

PHIL. (*at* C., *back*). Yes, yes; I understand. (BROWN *endeavors to speak through this speech.*) Come out and try it a little. I tell you what. I will go down and get everything ready, and you wait and see Kitty. I will send Jenkins for you. Did you find the

cigars all right in your room? Plenty of them. Help yourself, my dear fellow. (*Exit.*)

BR. (*stands looking after him*). That man will have me sea-sick in five minutes. I grow pale at the sight of the water. No, no; I must object, decidedly. Who is Kitty? Evidently, I am expected to be madly in love with her. Who am I anyway? "Mr. Bob," Kitty's friend. It is mighty queer, when I came down —

(*Enter* MARION, C.)

MAR. (R. C.; BROWN, L. C. *Sees* BROWN; *aside*). There is Mr. Philip now. (*Aloud; laughs.*) I am afraid I enjoyed that little joke more than you did, Mr. Royson. My voice seemed to frighten you.

BR. (*aside*). Mr. Royson! This must be Kitty. She is fond of me. I will smile upon her. (*Smiles; aloud.*) You see I came down —

MAR. Yes; I know. Interested in the race. Kitty has told me what a fine yachtsman you are.

BR. (*aside*). Then this isn't Kitty. I won't smile. (*Aloud.*) Kitty — oh, yes!

MAR. I am just wild to see the race. You will win, of course.

BR. Oh, yes, of course! (*Aside.*) And I thought this such a quiet place!

(*Enter* KATHERINE.)

KATH. Making friends with Philip? (*Sees* BROWN.) Why, this must be Philip's friend, Mr. Saunders. (*Business of shaking hands.*)

BR. (*aside*). "Mr. Saunders!"

MAR. (*confused*). I beg your pardon. I thought that I was speaking to Mr. Royson.

BR. (*aside*). "Mr. Saunders!" This is pleasant. It will be Mr. President next.

KATH. Philip told me that you might appear at any moment. Miss Bryant, let me introduce Philip's friend, Mr. Saunders. Of course you must be very hungry. The journey from town is so tiresome. You have arrived just in time to have luncheon with Miss Bryant.

BR. Oh, no! Don't trouble. You see, I came down —

KATH. For the yacht race. It will be just glorious.

(*Enter* JENKINS, R.)

KATH. You may serve luncheon for two, Jenkins.

JENK. (*at* L. C.; KATHERINE, L.; BROWN, R. C.; MARION, R.). A luncheon? I begs your pardon, Miss Katherine.

KATH. A luncheon. That is what I said.

JENK. But, Miss Katherine, I brought it once.

KATH. Never mind. Bring it again. We are ready now

(JENKINS *exchanges glances with* BROWN, *and exit.*) Philip has told me all about you, Mr. Saunders. I am his Cousin Kitty. (*All seated.*)

BR. (*seated at* R.; MARION, C. *of table;* KATHERINE, L. *of table*). I am delighted to meet you, Miss Kitty. I also have heard all about you, and of your warm attachment.

MAR. Kitty, are you in love? And are you keeping it from me?

KATH. Indeed I am not. What do you mean, Mr. Saunders?

BR. (*aside*). I might just as well tell a good story while I am about it. (*Aloud.*) The man whom you love so dearly was rather surprised at first to learn of his good fortune, but as the idea grows upon him, he rather likes it. (*Aside.*) I have made up my mind that these persons are all lunatics, and that I had better humor them.

KATH. Will you please tell me how you received such valuable information?

BR. Certainly. From Philip, of course. (*Aside.*) That is one on Mr. Philip.

KATH. Well I never! Some of Philip's nonsense; yet it doesn't seem a bit like him.

(*Enter* JENKINS *with luncheon: places it upon table, and exit.*)

KATH. Here is the luncheon. You must be very hungry.

BR. (*aside*). If I keep this up, I shall not care for anything else to eat for ten days. (*All seated at table.*)

KATH. Don't wait, Mr. Saunders. Philip has told me you were very fond of good things to eat.

BR. Oh, yes; Philip and I were always having spreads.

KATH. College men become such warm friends. You and Philip are so devoted to one another.

BR. Yes — yes. Quite an unusual friendship.

MAR. Tell us about some of your larks.

KATH. Oh, yes! Philip said you would tell us all about his little flirtation.

BR. Flirtation? (*Aside.*) I will try bluff again. (*Laughs.*) Oh, yes! Pretty good joke on Philip. He fell in love.

KATH. Fell in love? Oh! do tell us all about it.

MAR. Yes; do go on.

BR. That is, he thought that he did.

KATH. Well.

BR. She was a waitress at the house where we boarded. By Jove! She was a beauty too. Philip completely lost his head, and he would talk of her by the hour. We had some pretty warm discussions. I declared that I had a cousin ten times prettier. Philip said that his cousin couldn't hold a candle to her.

KATH. (*rises, indignant*). Oh, she couldn't!

BR. (*laughing*). And the joke of it all was, that the pretty waitress turned out to be the head waiter's wife. (*Laughs.*)

KATH. (*sarcastically.*) Ha, ha! A very good joke. I'll pay Philip for that, — comparing my face with that of a waitress.

BR. (*aside*). Pretty good game of bluff. I think that Mr. Philip and I are even on that medicine question.

(*Enter* JENKINS; *goes to* L. C.)

JENK. Mr. Philip is ready. He would like to have the gentleman come to the boat-house.

MAR. (L. C., *to* BROWN). You will take us out sailing, won't you? The water is just glorious.

(JENKINS *exit with tray*.)

KATH. We shall make you very useful.

BR. (*aside, in despair*). Make me very sea-sick.

MAR. We shall have a chance to watch your skill.

BR. I don't like to leave you, ladies. (*Hand in pocket.*) You see, I came down —

KATH. We appreciate your gallantry, but we would not deprive you of the pleasure of sailing.

BR. (*aside*). The pleasure won't be mine.

MAR. (L. C.). We shall be with you all the afternoon.

BR. (C.). Where?

KATH. (L. C.). Upon the water, of course.

BR. Oh, yes! (*At door*, C.) Good-by, ladies. (*Comes back, takes* KATHERINE *and* MARION *by arm, leads them down front.*) I am so glad that I came down. (*Exit.*)

KATH. He does not seem a bit like any of Philip's friends whom I have met.

MAR. Not a very brilliant man.

KATH. Mr. Saunders, of course, would not come down here and tell anything which was not true, but that story of Philip's flirtation seems hard to believe. I can't believe Philip would compare my face with that of any waitress.

MAR. Well, if he would, I don't care to know him.

(*Enter* PATTY, L.)

PAT. If you please, Miss Katherine, will you come to the kitchen? The cats are a-fighting each other.

MAR. What cats, Kitty?

KATH. Why, Aunt Becky is so interested in cats, she has them on the brain.

(*Exeunt* KATHERINE *and* MARION.)

PAT. (L.) "Cats on the brain!" Well, I never! I do believe those cats would walk in anywhere.

(*Enter* JENKINS.)

PAT. O Jenkins, what do you think? Everything is all mixed up. When I comes back to find Mr. Brown, and to tell him that Miss Becky was not at home, I heard the young ladies a-talk-

ing to him, and they called him Mr. Saunders. And Mr. Brown looked as though he didn't know who he was himself.

JENK. And I heard Mr. Philip call him Mr. Bob. As long as they think he belongs to those names, Miss Becky is all right.

PAT. Dear me! I haven't danced for five minutes! (*Dances about stage;* JENKINS *looks at her admiringly.*)

JENK. You knows just how, don't you, Patty?

PAT. Yes; and you ought to dance with me. (*Arms about* JENKINS, *who is very dignified and dances awkwardly.*)

JENK. Bless me, Patty! You make me lose my breath.

PAT. All right, Mr. Jenkins. I know some one what would like to dance with me.

JENK. Well, you see, Patty, I was a younger man once.

PAT. Then I will find a man what is younger now. Farewell, my ancient Jenkins. (*Dances off stage*, C.)

JENK. Wait, Patty. (*Goes to door*, C.) There she goes — and now she is dancing with James. O fickle Patty! You keep my 'eart a-dancing. (*Takes book from pocket.*) I will study my part of Romeo. That will make her pleasant again. (*Stands reading book at* R. *front.*)

(*Enter* MISS BECKY, C.; *wears bonnet and wrap.*)

MISS B. There! I was not gone very long. (*Sees* JENKINS.) Jenkins, what are you doing?

JENK. I begs your pardon. I was studying to be a Romeo.

MISS B. Studying to be what?

JENK. (*confused*). I means — I was reading Shakespeare.

MISS B. (C.). Tell Miss Katherine that I wish to see her. (JENKINS *exit*, C.) And Jenkins is interested in the drama as well as Patty. The next event will be the appearance of my dignified butler dancing the ballet. Of course Mr. Brown has not arrived, or Jenkins would have spoken of it. (*At door*, C.) They are preparing for the race. It will be a beautiful sight; yet I do wish Philip would not sail in the race to-day. I have a strong feeling that something will happen.

(*Enter* PHILIP, *whistling.*)

PHIL. I wonder where the cushions are that belong to my boat. Have you seen them, Aunt Becky?

MISS B. Yes, in the boat-house this morning.

PHIL. Can't find them anywhere. This is a great day for the race. There is a jolly breeze stirring, and my boat is sure to win.

MISS B. (*wipes eyes*). Philip, I feel sure that something will happen.

PHIL. I surely hope something will — the race.

MISS B. I mean an accident.

PHIL. (*arm around* MISS BECKY). Why, Aunt Becky! Shedding tears for me? Such a good-for-nothing chap?

MISS B. Please do not sail that boat to-day.

PHIL. Oh, but I must. It would break my heart to be out of the sport.

MISS B. It would break my heart to lose you.

PHIL. I don't like to make you feel badly; but you are asking a great deal.

MISS B. I know it. Ask something of me. I would give up anything for you.

PHIL. Aunt Becky, look me straight in the eye. If I will give up the race, will you give up the cats?

MISS B. (*hesitates*). Yes, Philip, I will.

PHIL. Then the compact is sealed. (*Kisses her.*) I would give up fifty races to see you sensible again.

MISS B. How will you arrange it?

PHIL. (*thinks*). Let me see. I must make some excuse to Kitty. I have it. A sudden call to town. Urgent business. Your lawyers, Benson & Benson. I will write Kitty a note.

MISS B. And I will tell Jenkins to pack your grip.

PHIL. Tell him to pack it at once. I shall start immediately. (MISS BECKY *exit*, C.) It is good-by yachting. But anything to stop this fad of Aunt Becky's. She would squander all her money. Mr. Bob is the greatest chump that has crossed my path yet. Kitty must be in need of friends to admire the fellow so much. Talk about sand! He hasn't a grain of it. All bluff about his knowing how to sail a boat. He was as white as a sheet at the sight of the water. Said that he did not care to sail, and I left him lying upon the sand by the boat-house. He wanted to rest a little he said. I did get him into the tender for about five minutes. (*Sits at table; writes letter.*) There! That will do. I am sorry to disappoint Kitty. (*Laughs.*) Just for fun, I will tell her to ask Mr. Bob to sail the boat. He is such a glorious specimen of a man. He will be sure to win. (*Rises and leaves note upon table.*) Think I will have a couple of my cigars to comfort me on the way. (*Exit into room*, L.)

(*Enter* PATTY, R., *with valise.*)

PATTY. It's two lovely ones I have in this bag. Jenkins shall have them with my compliments. (*Crosses to* R. *front.*)

(*Enter* PHILIP *from* L., *and crosses to* L. *front with pair of curling-tongs.*)

PHIL. That man had better curl up once more and die. (*Holds up tongs.*) These settle him. Bah! (*Throws them out of door*, C.) Ah, Patty! My valise all ready? You are a jewel. I have left a note for Miss Katherine upon the table. (*Attempts to take valise from* PATTY.)

PAT. If you please, it's mine, sir.

PHIL. Nonsense, girl! Don't you suppose that I know my own grip?

PAT. If you please, Miss Katherine—

PHIL. (*takes it from her*). Don't delay me. Time is precious. (*Exit.*)

PAT. Lor! It's the two cats he has with him. (*Laughs heartily.*)

(*Enter* JENKINS, C., *with valise.*)

JENK. (C.). Where is Mr. Philip? His grip is ready.

PAT. (L.). His grip? I think he took it with him. I thought I had muscle, but he must have a whole armful. O Jenkins! what do you think has happened now? I put two cats into the bag that Mr. Philip has taken with him. (*Laughs; both come down.*)

JENK. Well, I never! I suppose it is beneath the dignity of a Jenkins to laugh, but I can't help it. (*Both seated upon couch laughing when* KATHERINE *and* MARION *enter*, C.)

KATH. (L. C.; MARION, L.). What are you both laughing at?

PAT. (L. C.). You remember the small trunk with two handles you gave me?

KATH. You mean the valise?

PAT. Yes, Miss Katherine. I put two black cats into it.

KATH. Patty, what did you do that for?

JENK. And Mr. Philip thought it was his grip, and has gone with it.

KATH. Gone? Where?

PAT. He left a note on the table for you.

KATH. (*opens note*). He has gone to town on business. Oh, dear! What a shame! He won't sail in the race.

JENK. Here is the grip I packed for him.

MAR. (*laughs*). It will be lively music when the cats begin to sing.

KATH. What shall we do? (*Goes to door* C.) Here is Mr. Saunders. Perhaps he will take it to him. Order another carriage for Mr. Saunders, Jenkins. (JENKINS *exit* L.)

(*Enter* BROWN, C.; *looks very pale; sinks upon a couch.*)

KATH. You are just in time, Mr. Saunders.

BR. I hope it isn't another luncheon.

KATH. A mistake has been made. Philip has taken the wrong bag. Will you take his to the station?

BR. But I feel so ill.

KATH. You shall have a remedy.

BR. Oh, no, thank you. I have had one already.

KATH. No trouble, I assure you; I won't be a moment. (*Exit* R.)

BR. (*aside*). A chance to escape. (*Makes for door*, C.)

MAR. (*comes to* L.; *holds up bag*). Here is the bag.

BR. Oh, yes; I forgot it.

PAT. Will you bring back the cats, sir?

BR. Oh, yes; cats, grip, Mr. Philip, everything but myself. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter* MISS BECKY, R.)

MISS B. What is all this commotion?

MAR. Your nephew has made a mistake, and has taken the wrong bag.

(*Enter* KATHERINE *with glass*, R.)

KATH. (C.). Where is Mr. Saunders?

MISS B. Is Mr. Saunders here?

MAR. Yes. He has gone after Mr. Philip with the bag.

KATH. (*at door* C.). There he is now. How fast he is running!

MISS B. (*at door* C.). That man is not Mr. Saunders.

KATH. (*both girls grasp her arm; all come down stage*). Why, Aunt Becky!

MISS B. Mr. Saunders is very large and very dark. Did Philip introduce you?

KATH. (*girls exchange glances*). Why, no. Philip told me that his friend might arrive at any moment, and if he should be out, asked me to entertain him. I thought he behaved very strangely.

MAR. He must be an impostor.

KATH. He has Philip's valise. What shall we do?

MISS B. Find Jenkins, and send him after the man.

MAR. Yes. I will go. (*Exit* L.)

MISS B. How could you have been so imprudent, Katherine?

KATH. (*at door* C.). Bob has found Jenkins. He is running after the man. The man turns, sees Jenkins, — is running faster. Those poor cats!

PAT. (L.). Sh!

MISS B. What cats?

KATH. (L.). Philip has taken two by mistake.

MISS B. What! (*Sinks into chair.*)

PAT. O ma'am, I hopes you will forgive me. I am the guilty one.

KATH. Jenkins is gaining on him. Now he has caught him. They are coming back.

MISS B. What a narrow escape! (*Enter* MARION, L.)

MAR. The poor man looks a wreck of his former self.

KATH. Only think of the stories he told.

MAR. (L. C., *looking off* C.). Here they are.

MISS B. (L. C.). I wonder who this impostor is?

PAT. (L. C.; *loud whisper*). Sh! It's your Mr. Brown.

MISS B. (*holds up hands in horror*). Oh!

(BROWN *and* JENKINS *appear at door*, C.; JENKINS *has* BROWN *by arm, valise in other hand;* BROWN *presents a very dilapidated appearance.*)

KATH. (L. C.; *sternly*). So, sir, you have deceived us.

BR. My dear ladies, I came down —

TABLEAU.

(MISS BECKY *in chair*, R.; PATTY *stands behind her;* JENKINS *and* BROWN *at entrance*, C.; MARION *and* KATHERINE *at* L. *of stage;* KATHERINE'S *hand raised to silence* BROWN. *Quick curtain.*)

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Same as in Act I.; time, afternoon.* PATTY *discovered seated upon stepladder near fireplace, reading a book and gesticulating with feather duster.*

PATTY (*reads*).

> "O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?
> Deny thy father, and refuse thy name;
> Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
> And I'll no longer be a Capulet."

(*Speaks.*) Ain't that just beautiful? How lovely to be a Juliet, and have a Romeo what wants to say he ain't got no father and no name, and swears to love you always and forever! My eyes! that would be sweet living, that would. (*Sighs.*) I wish I could find some one like that. (*Leans head upon hand and thinks a moment.*) I wonder if Mr. Brown is anybody's Romeo? (*Laughs.*) Poor man, they have put him into that room (*points to door*, R.), and Miss Becky is just dying for a chance to speak with him, but she is afraid Miss Katherine will find it out. I expect when Mr. Philip comes back with those cats there will be a cyclone a-blowing through this house, and lor! won't I be in it? If it does come, I'll give them Mr. Macbeth's great dagger scene. My! ain't it thrilling. It just makes me afraid to go to bed nights. (*Opens book.*) I do likes Mr. Shakespeare's writings. (*While reading the following*, JENKINS *enters*, C., *sees* PATTY, *and steals up behind her, intending to surprise her; he stands at her left, within reach of her hand.* PATTY *makes gestures without raising eyes from book.*) "Is this a dagger which I see before me, the handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee." (*Grasps* JENKINS'S *hair.*) "I have thee not, and yet I see thee still."

JENKINS. You has got me, Patty. For 'eaven's sake let go!

PAT. (*startled*). Lor! Jenkins, how you frightened me! I thought as how Mr. Macbeth had come to life. I wish you would let me have a few minutes' peace, Jenkins. I can't move but you are a-looking at me. Now, if you only had some sense, like Mr. Shakespeare's Romeo.

JENK. What does Mr. Romeo do, Patty?

PAT. Oh, he climbs ladders to see Juliet, and wishes he was a glove on her hand, and all that sort of thing.

JENK. Well, Patty, the next time you clutches my 'air, I 'opes as 'ow you will 'ave a glove on your 'and. (*Rubs head.*) I ain't no Romeo, but I wishes that.

PAT. Oh, that was love, Jenkins.

JENK. (*delighted*). Love, Patty! Love for me?

PAT. No, you stupid! (*Rises and makes gestures.*) Love for the dramatic art.

JENK. (*excited*). Whose 'eart, Patty? (*Takes off coat and rolls up sleeve.*) Show me the man what 'as a dramatic 'eart, and he shall die by the hand, — and if I does say it, it's true, the noble hand of a Jenkins.

PAT. (*applauds and jumps from ladder*). Good, Jenkins! That was grand. You are a-getting on famously. If you keeps up like this, you will be the man yourself. (JENKINS *pleased.*) Bring the steps to the pantry and I will show you how to act Romeo. (*At door* R.) Come on, my noble Jenkins. (*Exit laughing.*)

JENK. (*carries steps to door*, R.). I object to any name but Jenkins, but to please Patty, I suppose I must be a Romeo. (*Exit with steps* R.)

(*Enter* KATHERINE, C.)

KATHERINE. This promises to be an interesting day. Philip unable to sail in the race. Bob, I might say, under false pretences, and a strange man, an impostor, lurking about the house. What a narrow escape! Think of asking him to take us sailing, and then sitting down to luncheon, calling him Mr. Saunders! And that story he made up about Philip's flirtation. He is clever, if he is a thief. Dear me! I do wish Philip would return. (*Takes note from table; reads it.*)

(*Enter* MARION, *dressed in yachting-costume.*)

MARION. What are you doing, Kitty?

KATH. Reading Philip's note.

MAR. (*looks over her shoulder*). What does he say?

KATH. (*reads note*).

DEAR KITTY, — Business calls me to town at once. Sorry to disappoint you about the race. Perhaps Mr. Bob will sail the boat. He is such a star specimen of a yachtsman, he will take the club by storm.

Yours,

PHILIP.

(*Speaks.*) Now, if you were really and truly Mr. Bob, you might win the race.

MAR. (*sits at table; leans head upon hand*). Oh, dear! if I only were. It is so stupid to be a girl.

KATH. If that Mr. Brown had only been some one nice, what fun we could have had. (*Sits opposite* MARION; *she assumes same position; both very dejected; sighs.*) Oh, dear!

MAR. (*sighs*). I call it hard luck.

KATH. (*sighs*). It will break my heart to have Philip's boat out of the race.

MAR. (R. *of table; rises, stands with both hands leaning upon table, looks at* KATHERINE). Kitty, I have an idea.

KATH. (L. *of table; assumes same position opposite*). No! have you really?

MAR. (*excited*). You know, I have a brother Jack.

KATH. (*excited*). Yes.
MAR. And he has taught me how to sail a boat.
KATH. No! Really?
MAR. Yes; as true as I am standing here.
KATH. O Bob, do you think you could?
MAR. Yes.
KATH. (*embraces her*). You are an angel.
MAR. If I can get Skipper Rawson to help me.
KATH. He will, I know.
MAR. (*at door*, C.). Then, Kitty, you shall not be disappointed. Your cousin's boat shall enter the race (*laughs*); and who knows, "the star specimen of a yachtsman, Mr. Bob," may win. Come on, Kitty, and help me find my skipper. (*Exit.*)
KATH. Oh, if she only could! (*Exit.*)

(BROWN *opens door*, R., *slowly, with shoes in hand; looks about cautiously.*)

BROWN. I wonder if the patients in this house are all asleep? (*Noise outside;* BROWN *drops shoe and disappears quickly; after a moment appears and enters.*) This is the most extraordinary household. I never stepped into a hornets' nest that was livelier. I am so cold and feel so ill. Those few moments in the tender of the yacht finished me. (*Looks about him nervously; starts as though he heard a noise; steps upon shoes.*) I have a nervous chill. They sent me flying after that escaped lunatic Mr. Philip; then rushed after me and brought me back, and all the time the butler kept saying, "Sh! Don't give it away that you are Brown." Brown! If I don't get myself out of this place soon, I shall be more than brown, done to a crisp. I wonder if I can escape. It is no use trying to tell these people who I really am. They couldn't understand, and wouldn't believe me. I am beginning to doubt if I really am what I am, myself. Some one is coming. I must escape. (*Exit* R.)

(*Enter* MISS BECKY, C; *she is very nervous, and looks about cautiously.*)

MISS BECKY. Poor Mr. Brown! I feel so sorry for him. I do not dare tell Katherine, and then my promise to Philip. I must get him out of the house before they discover his name. Oh, dear! I will never have another secret as long as I live. (*Crosses to door* R.; *listens.*) I can hear him walking about the room. (*Knocks at door.*) Mr. Brown!
BR. (*puts head out of door*). Yes, madam. (*Aside.*) Another lunatic.
MISS B. (*motions him to enter; places finger on lips*). Sh! Sh!
BR. (*aside; enters*). I wonder what that signal "Sh!" means?

MISS B. (*after listening at doors approaches* BROWN *with finger on lips*). Not a word that you are here.

BR. It isn't necessary. They all know it.

MISS B. A thousand pardons for this treatment. It was a mistake.

BR. I think it was, madam. A decided mistake. I insist upon telling you that my name is Brown. (*With emphasis.*) Brown! And that I came down with important papers.

MISS B. Yes, yes; I know it. (*Tries to keep him quiet.*)

BR. (*takes papers from pocket*). These papers —

MISS B. (*takes papers*). Yes; they are the plans for the house. (BROWN *astonished.*) I will lay them aside for the present. (*Aside.*) I must get him out of the house. (*Aloud.*) We won't use the papers until another time.

BR. (*aside*). Not "another time" for me. (MISS BECKY L.; BROWN, R.)

MISS B. Come with me, and I will show you the rooms. (MISS BECKY *turns to* C.)

BR. Yes, my dear madam; but I came down — (BROWN *crosses to* L.)

MISS B. Yes; it will be all right. Don't worry about it. You must be very tired and hungry. Do let me order a luncheon for you. (*Rings bell; comes down* L. C.)

BR. But, my dear madam —

MISS B. Not a bit of trouble. I regret my mistake so much. you deserve a little hospitality. (*Goes to door,* C.)

BR. (*aside*). If I were really a hungry man, this would be decidedly pleasant, luncheons served every five minutes.

(*Enter* JENKINS; MISS BECKY *comes down stage.*)

MISS B. Jenkins, this is Mr. Brown, the architect, whom I was expecting this morning. (BROWN *astonished.*) I have explained everything to him. Bring him a luncheon at once, and serve it in the arbor.

JENK. (*astonished*). Another luncheon, Miss Becky! Why, he has had two already.

MISS B. (*with dignity*). If I should order fifty, it is your duty to serve them without any comments.

JENK. But, I say, ma'am —

MISS B. That will do, Jenkins. (JENKINS *exit with dignity,* R.) While we are waiting, I will show you the rooms.

BR. (*aside*). Scene second of this little comedy is an improvement upon the first. I will be led to the slaughter of another luncheon willingly. (*Aloud.*) My dear madam, I follow you with pleasure. (*Business at door* L.; BROWN *bows profoundly to* MISS BECKY; *both exeunt.*)

(*Enter* PHILIP, C., *with travelling-bag, or, if practicable, a cat under each arm; walks up and down in an excited manner.*)

PHILIP. Pretty piece of business! I don't object to Aunt Becky having her house full of cats, but I do object to having my property made alive with them. When I found myself in the cars, I threw my grip upon the rack above me, as usual. To my surprise, a chorus of cats was heard. Every one looked about and at one another, Finally I discovered that the noise proceeded from my bag. Upon opening it, two cats jumped forth! I am sorry for the one that played this little game on me. There will be sufficient gore to paint this town red. (*Throws cats out door*, C.)

(*Enter* MISS BECKY, R.; *sees* PHILIP; *hides papers in pocket.*)

MISS B. Why, Philip, back again so soon?

PHIL. Yes; my journey was interrupted. Found that my grip was packed with cats, instead of clothes.

MISS B. What cruelty! Do you know who did it?

PHIL. No; but I intend to find out.

MISS B. What treatment for cats!

PHIL. What treatment for me, I should say.

MISS B. Did you go to town?

PHIL. (*laughs*). Oh, yes! In company with a man who walked up to me on the train, showed his badge, and tried to arrest me for cruelty to animals. A pleasant time I have had of it. I have lost everything, — the race, my temper, everything but those cats. They clung to me like grim death.

MISS B. I am so sorry, Philip.

PHIL. So am I; and there will be some one else regretting, when I find him.

MISS B. You will be in time for the race. Kitty will think it strange if you do not enter your yacht.

PHIL. No, she won't. Tell her the truth. No good ever comes of deception.

MISS B. (*nervous*). Indeed, you are right. I will never have another secret.

PHIL. You have a secret, Aunt Becky?

MISS B. (*embarrassed*). Oh, no — I — I — mean, it would make me so nervous to have one.

PHIL. Well, I am off to my den. Don't let any one speak to me, and perhaps I shall cool down a bit. (*Exit*, C.)

MISS B. (*crosses to* L., *front*). What can I do? Philip is so enraged about the cats, I shall not dare tell him about Mr. Brown, and that gentleman insists on seeing Philip. Says that he wishes to explain something. I cannot persuade him to leave the house. (*At door*, C.) Here comes Katherine. I must tell her, and perhaps she can help me.

(*Enter* KATHERINE, C.)

KATH. (L. C.). O Aunt Becky, such sport! Bob is to sail Philip's boat. Why, how pale you look! Are you ill?

MISS B. Oh, no, my dear; but I am in such trouble.

KATH. That horrid man is at the bottom of it. (*Goes to door*, R.) Why, he has escaped!

MISS B. Katherine, I have a confession to make. That man was not an impostor. He is an architect, and came down to see me.

KATH. (*surprised*). To see you?

MISS B. Yes. Before I promised Philip to give up my pet scheme, I had made an appointment with my architects to send a man down with plans of the house. I wished to keep this a secret from you and Philip, and gave Jenkins and Patty orders to that effect.

KATH. He must think that we are a household of lunatics. That little story of his about Philip was not true, then. This is a pleasant situation, I must admit.

MISS B. He insists upon seeing Philip.

KATH. Thank goodness! Philip has gone to town.

MISS B. But he has returned, my dear, and so enraged about the cats I haven't the courage to tell him that Mr. Brown is here.

KATH. What shall we do? (*Rings bell.*) We must prevent Philip discovering that this Mr. Brown has been here. This is more of a lark than I had bargained for.

(*Enter* PATTY, C.)

PATTY (*very dramatic*). Who calls, my lady?

KATH. This is not the time or place, Patty, to rehearse the drama. If you can help us out of our present difficulties you will have plenty of dramatic action. We are in trouble, and you must help us.

PAT. In trouble, Miss Katherine? What can I do to help you? (*Dramatically; forgets herself.*) You knows as how I am ready to die for you.

KATH. Mr. Philip has returned, and is furious about the cats.

PAT. Lor! miss, I just expects he is.

KATH. And he would be very angry if he knew that Mr. Brown were here. You must keep them apart.

PAT. I'll try to, Miss Katherine.

KATH. I wish we could find another name for him.

PAT. I has it, Miss Katherine. I see Mr. Philip a-talking to Mr. Brown, and he called him Mr. Bob.

KATH. Can it be possible that he has mistaken that man for my friend? (*Laughs.*) This is rich sport, indeed. Find Mr. Brown, Patty, and tell him that when he meets Mr. Philip he must be Mr. Bob.

MISS B. Oh, dear! What confusion.

KATH. (*coming to* L. C.; PATTY *takes* L.). Don't worry. It will all come out beautifully. Come with me; and we will leave Philip and Mr. Brown to Patty. (MISS BECKY *and* KATHERINE *go to entrance* C.)

PAT. (*runs up stage*). But, Miss Katherine—

KATH. You are so fond of dramatic action, you shall have plenty this time. (*Both exeunt.*)

PAT. (*stands looking after them*). My eyes! What shall I do? Mr. Philip will go off like fireworks when he sees me; and Mr. Brown is so mixed with all the different names we've been a-giving him, that he'll blaze up like red fire if we ask him to be another man. Oh, dear! Where is Jenkins? He must help me someway. (*Goes to door*, C.) Here he comes now. (*Calls softly.*) "Romeo, Romeo."

(*Enter* JENKINS.)

JENK. I'm a-coming, Juliet.

PAT. More trouble, Jenkins. We must find Mr. Brown and tell him to be somebody else.

JENK. Somebody else! I should say he 'ad been that already.

PAT. But he must be so some more. Miss Katherine don't want Mr. Philip to know he is Mr. Brown. Do you see? And they wants him to be Mr. Bob. (*At door*, C.) Here he is. Be ready for him, Jenkins. I promised I'd help Miss Katherine, and I must.

(*Enter* BROWN. JENKINS, R., *and* PATTY, L., *stand on either side of the entrance*, C., *when* BROWN *appears; both take him by arm, and with fingers on lips lead him down stage.*)

BR. (*first to* PATTY *and then to* JENKINS). Sh! Sh! There! You didn't get ahead of me that time. Think I know your old signal pretty well. Ha, ha!

PAT. It's another secret we has, sir.

BR. More secrets! Then please excuse me. (*Runs for door*, C.; JENKINS *and* PATTY *bring him back*; JENKINS *catches him by coat*. BROWN *shakes him off.*) I wish it distinctly understood that I didn't come down here to play tag.

JENK. It's perfectly 'armless, sir.

PAT. Miss Becky says as how you must change your name again.

BR. More objections to Brown, has she? No; I won't do it.

PAT. When Mr. Philip is in the room you is to be Mr. Bob.

BR. So I will — Mr. Bob Brown.

JENK. Oh, no, sir; if you please, only plain Mr. Bob.

BR. Any reflections upon my good looks, sir?

PAT. Oh, no, sir; if every one had your good looks, sir — (JENKINS *business of jealousy.*)

BR. Well, anything you like. Bring on your secrets and your names. Let me have them all. Don't let any escape.

PAT. Thank you, sir. Miss Becky will be very thankful.

(*Enter* PHILIP, C., *from* R.)

PHIL. Ah, Mr. Bob! Got over your ill turn by the water, have you?

BR. Oh, yes; I am quite well now, thank you. (*Looks helplessly at* JENKINS *and* PATTY, *who place fingers on lips.*)

PHIL. (*turns and sees* JENKINS *and* PATTY). Jenkins, who put those cats into my grip?

JENK. I never did, sir.

PAT. If you please, Mr. Philip, it was me. I was planning a surprise for Jenkins. It wasn't no joke on you, sir.

PHIL. Oh, it wasn't? I beg to differ. Don't try such a thing again or you will be sorry. Bring me some coffee, Jenkins; and perhaps Mr. Bob will have some too.

BR. My dear sir—

PHIL. No trouble at all. As soon as possible. (JENKINS *and* PATTY *exeunt.*) Sit down, Mr. Bob, and let us have a chat together. (*Takes cigar from pocket; offers one to* BROWN, *who takes it reluctantly.*)

BR. (*aside*). Never smoked a cigar in my life. (*Lights it, smokes, and coughs.*)

PHIL. Perhaps that cigar is too strong for you.

BR. (*in an offhand manner*). Oh, no; not at all. This is my favorite brand.

PHIL. (*seated, smoking; looks at* BROWN *critically*). And you are Kitty's friend?

BR. (*only puts cigar in mouth when* PHILIP *is looking*). Yes; oh, yes.

PHIL. Do you know, you are just opposite from what I thought you were.

BR. Am I? (*Aside.*) I am beginning to think so myself.

(*Enter* JENKINS *with coffee.*)

PHIL. That's right, Jenkins. Bring it here. (JENKINS *serves coffee to* BROWN *and* PHILIP; BROWN *hands cigar, lighted end first, to* JENKINS. JENKINS *business of being burned, then exit.*) This is cosey. We can drink our coffee together and have a chat about Kitty.

BR. If you will excuse me, I won't indulge.

PHIL. Nonsense, old man! It will do you good. (BROWN *looks helpless, and takes it.*)

BR. (*aside*). If I do not humor him he may become violent. (KATHERINE *appears at door*, C.; *is very much amused to see* BROWN *and* PHILIP *together; listens to conversation.*)

PHIL. Ah, Mr. Bob, you are a lucky fellow to have a girl like Kitty fond of you. When did you two meet one another?

BR. This morning. (PHILIP *looks at him.*) I mean, only a short time ago.

PHIL. Well, I must say you did not lose any time about it.

BR. You see, I made such an impression that the enemy surrendered at once.

PHIL. (*aside*). The conceit of the man! (*Aloud.*) You made an impression?

BR. Oh, no; I mean that she — Kitty — made the surrender. I mean the impression.

PHIL. (*rises; aside*). O Kitty, Kitty! I thought you had better taste. (*Aloud.*) You admit that you love Kitty?

BR. (*aside*). Deeper water. Oh, this is pleasant. If I tell him that I don't care a rap for his Kitty he may grow violent. (*Aloud; makes profound bow, holding cup in left hand, which he upsets with right in placing on his heart.*) My dear sir, I adore the very ground upon which she walks.

PHIL. Have you asked her to marry you?

BR. No, sir; not yet. My courage fails me.

PHIL. But you must. (*Follows* BROWN *about room.*)

BR. Oh, I must, must I?

PHIL. You have led her to believe that you are fond of her, and yet you do not propose.

BR. But, my dear sir, I came down —

PHIL. I know that well enough. If you are the honorable man I take you to be, you will lose no time, but make Kitty happy at once.

BR. But I am not sure that she loves me.

PHIL. But she does, I assure you. Now, sir, no more nonsense!

BR. (*aside*). Dear me! He will have another attack. (*Crosses to* PHILIP; *lays hand soothingly upon his shoulder, and puts finger on lips.*) Sh!

PHIL. (*throws off his hand*). No, sir; this is not a time for silence.

BR. (*aside*). I will try their signal. (*With finger on lips, listens at doors;* KATHERINE *disappears;* PHILIP *looks at him in astonishment.*) Sh! Sh!

PHIL. (*aside*). What is this man trying to do? He loves Kitty, and hasn't the sand to tell her of it. Now I must be severe and force him to it. (*Aloud.*) Silence yourself, sir! (*Backs* BROWN *upon sofa*, L.) You must propose to Kitty before the sun goes down. (*Crosses to entrance*, C.) If you don't, you will find that you "came down" for business. (*Exit.*)

BR. (*sinks into chair*). If I didn't come down for *business*, what was it for?

(*Enter* KATHERINE; *crosses to* BROWN *with finger on lips.*)

KATH. Sh! You are doing beautifully. Keep it up. (*Exit*, L., *laughing at* BROWN.)

BR. (*laughs*). Oh, yes, "keep it up." It is very fortunate that I have been served semi-hourly luncheons. My nerves could never have survived this day's happenings. What shall I do? I must have a rational conversation with Kitty's cousin. I will find him; tell him that I have proposed to Kitty, and then perhaps he will listen to me. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter* KATHERINE *and* MARION, *laughing*.)

KATH. I wish you could have heard it. Philip indignant because Mr. Bob had not proposed to me.

MAR. But what will Mr. Brown think of all this ?

KATH. Everything will be explained to him in time. You see, he won't go until he has seen Philip. If we can keep Philip in the dark about it until after you win the race, it will be all right. Philip will forgive everything then.

MAR. But, now that your cousin has returned, he will wish to sail his boat himself.

KATH. No; because he has given his promise to Aunt Becky. He gave up the race if she would give up the cats; so you see how important it is that Mr. Brown's real identity should not be known at present. If Philip found it out, he would surely enter the race, and that would spoil all our fun.

MAR. I do hope I shall succeed. Skipper Rawson was delighted with the idea of helping me.

(*Enter* MISS BECKY, C.)

MISS B. Have you seen Philip ?

KATH. He was here only a few moments ago, talking to Mr. Bob.

MISS B. Talking to Marion?

KATH. Why, no, Aunt Becky. Have you forgotten our latest scheme ?

MISS B. To be sure. My head is so tired, it is a wonder that I can think of anything.

KATH. (*leads her to arm-chair*). Sit down and take a nap, Aunt Becky. I will close all the doors and leave you to yourself a little while. (MARION *and* KATHERINE *draw portières at door*, C.) There! You can have a cosey time, steal forty winks and wake quite refreshed. (KATHERINE *and* MARION *exeunt*.)

MISS B. This is the most exciting day I have had for years. (*Takes paper from pocket*.) I must destroy these papers at once. Then I shall not be tempted to think of my pet scheme, and thus keep my promise to Philip. (*Yawns*.) Dear me! How tired I am! Only think of Patty smothering those cats in that bag. I wonder they were not killed. (*Yawns; finally falls asleep*.)

(*Enter* BROWN, C.)

BR. I can't find Mr. Philip, and I have been disturbed ever since I gave those papers to the old lady. She may not be perfectly right in her mind, and might be tempted to destroy them. I must speak with her nephew before leaving the house. But it won't do until this mystery is cleared. As Mr. Bob it won't do to know anything about private papers. (*Comes down stage; sees* MISS BECKY.) There she is now, and by Jove! the very papers

in her lap. I must have them. (*Goes towards her.*) She is asleep. Good! This is the first bit of luck I have had to-day. She must not suspect that I suspect her. How can I manage it? (*Crosses to table. Takes a sheet of paper from writing materials on table, folds it, takes papers from* MISS BECKY, *and replaces them with folded paper.*) There, my conscience will be at rest, and she will be none the wiser. This day's business will prove rather expensive for Miss Luke if there is any expenditure of time charged to her account. As soon as I can have a reasonable chat with the old lady's nephew I will return to town. There seems to be a rotary movement about the several names which have been thrust upon me. First, it was "Mr. Bob;" then "Mr. Saunders," "Mr. Brown the architect," and now "Mr. Bob" again. I must get away before it is time for "Mr. Saunders" to reappear. (*Exit*, C.)

(*Enter* PATTY, R., *with sheet of paper; does not see* MISS BECKY.)

PAT. Now we has it down in black and white. (*Makes profound bow; reads from paper.*)

"MY DEAR MISS REBECCA LUKE,

"*Dear Madam*, — We takes our pens in our hands to write you as how we wishes no more cats. We likes you and we has a willingness for one cat, in fact, we rather likes one, but when it comes to twenty, we has strong objections. Me and the cook and James, not counting of Jenkins, who has objections, but objects to a-saying of it. (*Dramatically.*) In the language of Shakespeare's Mr Macduff, we cries, 'Hold! Enough!'"

(*Speaks.*) There! I rather think that will touch her ladyship's noble heart, and I will approach her with courage, knowing as how me and and the cook and James, and not counting of Jenkins, are in the right. I will approach her boldly. (*Discovers* MISS BECKY; *wilts.*) Lor! There she is now. I wonder if she heard me. (*Resumes courage.*) Why should I hesitate. The girl what hesitates never gets anywhere. (*Approaches* MISS BECKY; *speaks softly.*) Miss Becky. She sleeps. (*Dramatically.*) Sleep on fair maid. I would disturb thy slumbers not.

(*Enter* JENKINS.)

PAT. (*speaks softly*). What ho! my noble Romeo. Dost thou love me?

JENK. You knows as 'ow I dotes on you, Patty. But don't call me Romeo, Patty. Call me Jenkins.

PAT. I calls you what I please. (*Brings him down stage points to* MISS BECKY.) Behold!

JENK Don't be so spasmodic, Patty. You give me a chill.

PAT. Here is the paper you won't sign. You must put it in Miss Becky's hand.

JENK. No, Patty. That would be beneath the dignity of Jenkins. I object.

PAT. (*with dignity*). Wilt thou be my Romeo, or shall I have another?

JENK. But, Patty —

PAT. Hesitate but a moment and Mr. Brown, who is just a-dying for the opportunity, shall have the love you would cast away.

JENK. I'll do it; but I says —

PAT. (*gives him paper*). Say no more. Place this paper in that envelope.

JENK. But, Patty —

PAT. Quick! She starts, she moves —

JENK. (*places paper in envelope*). There! I 'opes as now you are satisfied.

PAT. I am. (*Draws* JENKINS *down front.*) Jenkins, it's time we objected to so many cats; for I heard Miss Katherine tell her friend that Miss Becky had cats on the brain.

JENK. (*crosses to* MISS BECKY; *whispers*). I don't see them, Patty.

PAT. They are inside. (MISS BECKY *stirs.*) She is waking up, Jenkins. Leave the room. We shall be discovered. (*Pushes* JENKINS *toward door*, C.)

JENK. But, Patty, that tray —

PAT. I will bring it. Go on. Wait for me in the pantry, and we will have another rehearsal. (JENKINS *exit.*) I hopes the paper won't hurt Miss Becky's feelings, but we had to do it.

JENK. (*appears at door*, C.). Juliet, Juliet!

PAT. (*raises cup from tray*). "Romeo, I come. This do I drink to thee." (*Drinks coffee and exit with tray.*)

MISS B. (*wakes suddenly*). What was that noise? Some one called. Dear me! I must have fallen asleep, and these papers in my lap. Philip could have walked in upon me and discovered them. (*Rises.*)

(*Enter* PHILIP.)

PHIL. Now, what shall I do with Mr. Bob? I wonder if he has proposed to Kitty yet. I should like to drop him overboard. The deep blue sea would be the best place for him. (*Sees* AUNT BECKY.) Hallo! Aunt Becky. What are you doing with that official-looking document?

MISS B. I will be honest with you, Philip. They are plans for the house which my architect has sent me.

PHIL. (*astonished*). What plans?

MISS B. (*embarrassed*). Before our compact, I had planned to convert the upper part of the house into one large room covered with a glass roof.

PHIL. (*laughs*). What a crazy scheme! Let me see the papers.

MISS B. No; and to convince you that I intend to keep my part of the contract, I will destroy them. (*Tears papers and throws them in waste-basket.*) There! I have put temptation out of my way.

PHIL. I am proud of you; and, to show you that I appreciate your sacrifice, will help you with your pet scheme, provided you will go at it with moderation.

MISS B. My dear boy, I certainly will.

(KATHERINE *and* MARION *enter from door*, L., *laughing*; *come down* C.; *do not see* PHILIP, *who turns and discovers them*.)

PHIL. (*surprised*). Miss Bryant!

MAR. Mr. Royson! I did not imagine that you were Kitty's cousin. (*They shake hands*.)

PHIL. When did you arrive?

MAR. I came from town this morning. (*Looks at* KATHERINE.) That is, I started this morning.

PHIL. I see; stopped to visit on the way.

MAR. Y-yes.

KATH. This is a revelation to me. I had promised myself the pleasure of introducing you.

PHIL. Too late, Katherine. We met last summer. (MISS BECKY *is seated at table working*.)

KATH. Why, Marion! You never told me.

MAR. Never dreamed that I was meeting your Mr. Royson.

PHIL. This young lady defeated me in the race.

MAR. It was only a small victory. We came in almost together.

KATH. (*at door*, C.). The boats are ready to start. We must be off.

PHIL. The race will be such a short one you had better lose no time. It is only out to the buoy and back.

MAR. Won't you join us, Mr. Royson?

PHIL. I wish that I might, but I am under compact, you know.

KATH. We have been invited to sail in the race.

PHIL. Good luck to your yacht.

MAR. We may be the winning boat. What shall you give as a reward?

PHIL. My boat as a trophy.

MAR. Be careful; we may take you at your word. Honor bright?

PHIL. My hand upon it.

MAR. Agreed. (*Girls exeunt laughing*.)

PHIL. Gad! It's a mighty hard thing to give up that race. (*Stands at door*, C.)

MISS B. (*crosses to* PHILIP; *places hand upon his arm*). Don't try to keep your promise. Sail your boat.

PHIL. No; I have given my promise. I won't weaken.

MISS B. Shall we watch them?

PHIL. You may, but I decline, with thanks. (*Takes chair*.) You shall have a seat up on the balcony. (*Exeunt* MISS BECKY *and* PHILIP.)

(*Enter* PATTY.)

PAT. The race is on. Don't I wish I was in one of the boats! (*At door*, C.) I just wish me and Jenkins could go out. (*Arranges books upon table.*) Miss Katherine has told me all about her friend; and Mr. Philip a-thinking that Mr. Brown is the Mr. Bob. When he finds it out it will be worse than the cats, I am a-thinking. We hasn't had so much fun in this house for weeks. It is as good as the theatre.

(*Enter* PHILIP, C.; *crosses to entrance*, C.)

PHIL. They seem to be going finely. The wind is just right for them. (*Comes down; sits at table; takes up newspaper.*) Pshaw! If Kitty's Mr. Bob had only been a decent sort of chap he might have helped me out. I wonder why Kitty never told me about her friend Miss Bryant. I lost my heart to her last summer.

PAT. (*at door*, C.). The boats are just beautiful. Don't you want to watch the race, Mr. Philip.

PHIL. (*very cross*). No.

PAT. Don't you want to see it?

PHIL. No.

PAT. (*aside*). My eyes! ain't he cross; and it's all on account of cats. (*to* PHILIP.) Lor! sir, they's just beautiful. There's one a-going ahead of the others.

PHIL. What did you expect they would do? All sail in a line?

PAT. It's that little one what you calls a *cat*-boat.

PHIL. (*rises, very angry*). Don't you say *cat* to me.

PAT. (*frightened*). I begs your pardon, sir. I hopes as how I didn't offend you.

PHIL. Well, you did. Leave the room.

PAT. I goes, sir. (*Aside.*) He must have Miss Becky's trouble, — cats on the brain. (*Exit.*)

PHIL. (*seated; resumes reading*). This house is completely upset. The next one that says boat-race to me shall die.

(*Enter* JENKINS, C.)

JENK. The race is on. Don't you sail to-day, Mr. Philip?

PHIL. (*exasperated*). No; nor to-night.

JENK. (*at door*, C.). Well, sir, excuse me for saying of it, but you are a-losing of a great sight.

PHIL. You will lose something, — your place, — if you don't stop talking to me.

JENK. (*with dignity*). I begs your pardon, sir. I meant no offence. (*Stands at entrance*, C.)

(*Enter* KATHERINE, C.)

KATH. I am just wild with excitement. (*Looks out of door.*) There she goes! Isn't she a beauty? Oh, if Bob will only win! (*Sees* PHILIP; *comes down.*) Why, Philip! What are you doing?

PHIL. Can't you see? I am reading.

KATH. Come and look at the race. The boats are sailing finely.

PHIL. I thought you were to be in it.

KATH. Bob — I mean Marion — has gone.

PHIL. Can't you keep that fellow Bob out of your head for a moment? Where is Mr. Bob?

KATH. In the race.

PHIL. Kitty, I never saw such a mean specimen of a man.

KATH. I am sorry that you do not like Bob. I was in hopes that you would become warm friends.

PHIL. But he is so unattractive.

KATH. Of course Bob isn't such a fine-looking fellow as you are; but I am satisfied.

PHIL. So it seems. I will try to like him for your sake, but it will be hard work.

KATH. (*at door*, C.). There is a boat ahead. It looks like yours, Philip.

PHIL. Your imagination is lively. That disappointed craft of mine is tugging away at the moorings and wondering why she isn't in it.

KATH. Do come here.

PHIL. And see some other boat win the race? Not if I know it.

KATH. Jenkins, bring me a chair. (JENKINS *brings one and helps* KATHERINE *to mount it.*) Two boats ahead. The others are three lengths behind. They are nearing the buoy. One boat turns first — no, she has lost in making a wider turn, and the white star is ahead. See how desperate is the one behind. She plunges into the waves, dashing the spray over the bow. Philip, it is — I can see Bob.

PHIL. For once love's eyes are far seeing. They are generally supposed to be blind.

KATH. Bob is lying out on the weather rail.

PHIL. (*laughs*). Probably white as a sheet, and hanging over it.

KATH. Bob's boat is gaining. They are abreast now. Oh, if she will only win! They are close together; the two boats look like one. See, the sails are swung off to starboard, and they square away for the finish.

(*Enter* PATTY.)

PAT. O Mr. Philip, your boat is a-winning the race.

PHIL. Are you all crazy? (*Goes to door*, C.; *takes glass from* KATHERINE.) Gad! (*Looks again.*) Why, it is my boat.

KATH. And she is ahead.

PAT. She's just a-humming. (*Embraces* JENKINS.) O Jenkins! — I means Romeo.

PHIL. Who is in her? (PHILIP *stands upon the back of* KATHERINE'S *chair.*)

KATH. Mr. Bob, of course. Now they are making the run for home. Your boat leads by a length. See! Look, Philip, it is a straight course to the line. She has crossed, and Bob has won by two lengths. (*Waves handkerchief.*) Hurrah! The race is ours. Three cheers for Mr. Bob. (*Jumps from chair.*)

PHIL. Mr. Bob is my friend for life. I must find him at once. (*Makes for door*, C.)

KATH. (*prevents him*). Do wait until the boats are at their moorings.

PHIL. Indeed, I won't. Gad! I will bring back Mr. Bob on my shoulders. (*Exit.*)

KATH. (*laughing*). What a picture that would be, and wouldn't Bob be pleased. Philip is so delighted about the race, he will forgive my deception.

(*Enter* AUNT BECKY.)

KATH. (*embracing her*). Oh, I am so happy, Aunt Becky! It is just glorious.

MISS B. Do let me breathe. What is it?

KATH. Philip's boat has won the race, and Bob was in it.

MISS B. Well, I never! Katherine, I cannot get rid of Mr. Brown. He will not go until he has seen Philip.

KATH. Have patience; we shall soon be able to explain everything to Philip.

(*Enter* MARION.)

KATH. Bob, my dear boy, I am proud of you. You did nobly.

MAR. Such a success. I am proud of it. Skipper Rawson and I have planned to go into partnership.

KATH. You will be voted a member of the club immediately. Did you meet Philip?

MAR. No; I came across the fields to avoid everybody.

KATH. Philip was wild with joy, and has gone in search of you.

MAR. Skipper Rawson has promised not to give me away.

KATH. It won't do to deceive Philip any longer. (*At door*, C.) Here he comes now.

MAR. What shall I do? Is it time to reveal myself in my true colors?

KATH. I have it. (*Turns arm-chair facing fireplace; seats* MARION.) There! You must remain quiet until the decisive moment.

(*Enter* PHILIP.)

PHIL. It is true my boat has won, but Mr. Bob, evidently overcome by modesty, has mysteriously disappeared. (*Looking off*, R.) Ah! there you are, old fellow. (*Goes out and brings in* BROWN *on shoulder.*) I am proud of you, and take back every mean thing I have said about you. Three cheers for Mr. Bob! Rah! Rah! Rah!

BR. (*astonished*). Thank you. (*Loses balance and slips off* PHILIP'S *shoulder.* BROWN *on floor.*) I came down —

PHIL. And I will say, "Bless you, my children," in the most approved fashion.

KATH. What are you talking about, Philip?

PHIL. (*embraces* KATHERINE). Your Mr. Bob is a hero, Kitty. (*Embraces* MISS BECKY.) Your new nephew will do you proud, Aunt Becky.

KATH. If Mr. Bob is a hero, why are you bestowing so much affection upon Mr. Brown?

PHIL. (*laughs*). No more bluff for me. Don't you suppose I know your Mr. Bob when I see him?

KATH. But really, Philip, you are mistaken.

PHIL. Mistaken! Who the devil are you then, sir?

MISS B. Gently, Philip. This is Mr. Brown, the architect, who came to see me to-day. Katherine and I discovered our mistake just in time. (BROWN *during this tries to speak.*)

PHIL. What do you mean, sir, by passing yourself off for some one else? Why don't you speak?

BR. (*quietly*). Thanks, I would like to. (*To* KATHERINE.) I am not Mr. Saunders. (*To* MISS BECKY.) I am not Mr. Brown, architect. (*To* PHILIP *emphatically.*) I am not Mr. Bob.

PHIL. For heaven's sake, man, who are you?

BR. I am Mr. Brown, clerk for the law firm of Benson & Benson, and came down —

PHIL. Why didn't you say all this before?

BR. You all insisted that I was some one else. Now, sir, if I may be allowed to tell you why I came down I shall consider it a great favor. I brought with me important papers for Miss Luke — the missing codicil.

MISS B. Which I destroyed. (*Goes to scrap-basket;* PATTY *enters.*)

BR. I beg pardon; but fearing that the lady had something on her mind —

PAT. (*aside to* BROWN). It's cats, sir.

BR. (*to* PATTY). Go away! Finding the papers in her lap, while she was asleep in this room, I changed them. (*Takes papers from pocket and gives them to* PHILIP.) Here they are, sir.

MISS B. What did I destroy then?

PAT. If you please, ma'am, I put the paper into your lap. It was to say as how me and the cook and James, not counting of Jenkins who has objections, but objects to a-saying of it, has no willingness for so many cats.

MISS B. I am so tired of this confusion I shall be glad to sign the paper myself.

PHIL. My dear sir, how can we atone to you for this mistake.

(JENKINS *enters.*)

BR. I ask for nothing, sir, only to be allowed to depart.

JENK. (*at door*, C.). Dinner is served.

PHIL. Have dinner with us before you go.

BR. Thank you, no; I need nothing.

PHIL. I hope you will pardon my blunder in supposing you in love with my cousin Kitty. Wait a moment. Some explanation is needed here. Is Mr. Bob a myth?

KATH. (*leads* PHILIP *to arm-chair*). Here is Mr. Bob.

MAR. (*laughing, rises*). Who is such a weak specimen of a man.

PHIL. (*astonished*). What masquerading is this?

KATH. My pet name for Miss Bryant is Bob. You took it for granted that my friend was a man, and I have had some fun at your expense.

PHIL. And you let me make a fool of myself by filling her room with my pipes and cigars. Kitty, I will never forgive you.

KATH. (*coaxingly*). Oh, yes, you will, for Mr. Bob won the race.

PHIL. Not Miss Bryant?

MAR. Skipper Rawson was my right-hand man. I was in the winning boat. Do I receive my reward?

PHIL. Certainly, only there is so much that goes with it. Will you take it all?

MAR. Of course.

PHIL. (*laughs*). You shall have it all, Captain Bob. My yacht and I have sworn never to be separated.

MAR. (*embarrassed*). Oh, I understand.

PHIL. Do you approve?

MAR. Hardly, upon so short an acquaintance. I will be satisfied with the glory of winning, and leave the rest to you.

MISS B. Well, I never! We won't forget this day, Mr. Brown.

BR. No; it will be a red-letter day in my memory.

PHIL. (*holds out hand to* MARION, *who takes it*). The day Mr. Bob won the race.

BR. The day I "came down"—

(*Tableau*, JENKINS *and* PATTY *at door*, C.; BROWN *in* C. *of stage*; MISS BECKY *in arm-chair*, R; KATHERINE *behind her;* PHILIP *and* MARION, L.)

QUICK CURTAIN.

Rip Van Winkle

• *Comedy in Four Acts*
AS PLAYED BY JOSEPH JEFFERSON
SEVEN MEN THREE WOMEN EXTRAS
Scenery varied but not difficult

THE first two acts show the drunken but lovable vagabond, Rip Van Winkle, in the attractive village of Falling Waters. Once Rip had owned most of the village but, acre by acre, it had slipped out of his hands. Ragged but happy, incorrigible in his vagabond ways, attended always by his faithful dog, Schneider, Rip hunts and drinks, heedless of the machinations of Derrick Von Beekman, the villain of the tale. But Rip is not the simpleton Derrick believes him to be. The climax comes on a night of wild storm when Rip is driven out of their house by Gretchen. He climbs into the Catskills, to the highest peak, and there he drinks with Hudson and the other ghosts. He reels into a stupor that grips him for twenty years. An old man, with his voice shrunk to a treble, Rip totters back to Falling Waters, now grown busy and large. Derrick has married Gretchen and Meenie is waiting for the return of young Hendrick, her boyhood playmate. Rip, regarded as a harmless lunatic, wanders unrecognized through the town where much that he dimly remembers has gone. All ends happily with Rip and a chastened Gretchen reunited; with Derrick foiled; with Meenie and Hendrick happy; with Rip as incorrigible as ever.

The Characters

RIP VAN WINKLE
DERRICK VON BEEKMAN
NICHOLAS VEDDER
HENDRICK
COCKLES
SETH SLOUGH
JACOB STEIN
GRETCHEN
MEENIE
KATCHEN
DEMONS AND VILLAGERS

BOOKS .75 CENTS EACH ROYALTY ON APPLICATION
BAKER'S PLAYS • BOSTON, MASS.

SILAS THE CHORE BOY

A Romance of New England

(GAY NINETIES VARIETY)

F. H. BERNARD — EDWARD MASSEY

A Logical Successor to Gold In the Hills

Struggling playwrights need no longer bend with fine frenzy to the task of finding out the great American drama that is just around the corner. If it is just around the corner, it's a corner that you passed just a few years back, when the box office was scaled at "ten, twenty, thirty," when CORSE PAYTON was the idol of the hinterland—you can have Charles S. Chaplin if you insist—and when Silas the Chore Boy was stirring the soul of America. Verily the great American drama must be behind us and not ahead of us for there is more rich theatre to the square inch in Edward Massey's new acting edition of "Silas, the Chore Boy," than in any six of the new crop of plays in most seasons today. Here is real melodrama interspersed with those elegant songs of the nineties and the inevitable between-the-act specialties which kept the rural sections abreast of the newest variations of the cakewalk along whatever passed for Broadway. Mr. Massey knows his theatre and as a result this new text is no mere cartoon but a fine contribution to theatre-going, a thing of fine zeal and a decent respect, too, for every little device that made theatre-going of yesteryear like a three-ring circus. Nothing is lacking. Oh, the story, you ask? Well, it was simple in those days. The dramatist merely chose a theme familiar to his audience, the one about the villain and the "papers" usually, with a lady in distress, and the rest was easy. "Gala" is the only word for it all! For those groups who have used GOLD IN THE HILLS successfully we suggest a follow-up of that popularity with Silas, the Chore Boy. 6 m., 3 w., also 2 or 4 specialty performers and 3 barkers. Scenery varied, but not difficult. A large part of the setting is permanent, only backgrounds being changed. In Baker's Professional Series. *Royalty,* $25.00. *Price,* 75 *Cents.*

WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY

The Play Shop

178 TREMONT STREET BOSTON, MASS.

Thunder 4/4/38
CUBbstr - order

BAKER'S *Royalty Plays*

are WORTH YOUR WHILE

As a producer of amateur plays, you naturally want the best. And the best play is usually the royalty play. First of all, they are better written. That means that they are more worth working on. It takes weeks of effort to put on a play, and you owe it to yourself to see that so much energy is expended on something as worthwhile as possible. If you want your play to repay your cast and yourself for the labor you put into it, use a royalty play.

Audiences, too, are quick to detect and appreciate quality. We are impressed with the fact that audiences very seldom find a **good** play is too good, but many groups, using cheap and inferior plays, have lost the good will of the play-goers of their communities. Use royalty plays because the audience will like them better, will pay more to see them, and will keep on coming to them.

Using royalty plays will enable the publishers to pay authors more adequately for writing good plays. This is important, for the more worthwhile it is to write for the amateur theatre, the more good plays will be written for it. All play publishers are anxious to discover new writers of talent, to bring out new plays in greater numbers, and to offer the widest possible selection of excellent plays. You can help to make this possible by the use of royalty plays.

WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY

178 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

18239